

# THE GOAT



## ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS

MONTHLY CHRONICLE

Entered at the Post Office Dept. Ottawa, Ont., as second class matter.

Published at St. Johns, P.Q.

Yearly Subscription, \$1.50  
Post Paid to all parts of the world



"A"

H.Q.

"B"

ALLIED WITH 1<sup>ST</sup> THE ROYAL DRAGOONS.

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TORONTO, ONT.

OCTOBER, 1933

CAVALRY BARRACK  
ST. JOHNS, P.Q.





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Address all correspondence and make all cheques payable to "The Editor, The Goat," St. Johns, Que.

## CONTENTS

	Page		Page
Illustration .....	2	Things You Would Like to Know .....	8
Personal and Regimental .....	3	History of the Royal Canadian Dragoons .....	8
Hunting with the Eglington Pack .....	3	"For People Will Talk." .....	10
Football .....	4	The Horse and Mule in National Defence .....	12
Toronto Notes .....	4	Illustration .....	13
Western Fair .....	4	At the Telephone .....	14
Here and There .....	5	No Ewes .....	14
Horse Sense .....	5	To Boot, To Saddle, To Horse and Away .....	14
One on Uncle Sam .....	6	Was He Mad? .....	15
Some Hints on Feeding Horses .....	6	Things That We Would Like To Know at Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, Que. ....	16
The Guides Race .....	6	Foreign Legion in Action .....	16
Illustration .....	7	An Adverse Witness .....	16
New Standing Orders for R.C.A.M.C. Orderlies .....	7	A Day of Thrills .....	18



# STABLEMEN!



EGG

Suggested by  
CORPL. WARREN, "C"  
at Piedmont 1917.



# Personal & Regimental

Lt.-Col. R. S. Timmis, D.S.O., of 'B' Sqn. Toronto, paid a visit to Cavalry Barracks St. Johns, on September 29th, where he made his annual inspection of 'A' Sqn. R. C.D.

The Annual Inspection of Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, was held on October 19th when Brig. W. W. P. Gibson, C.B.S., C.M.G., D.S.O. commanding M.D. No. 4 inspected the Royal Canadian Dragoons in the morning and the Royal Canadian Regiment in the afternoon.

We welcome Nursing Sister H. N. Stevenson, R.C.A.M.C., to Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, where she has taken up her duties at the Station hospital.

Trumpet-Major A. Galloway, of Stanley Barracks, Toronto, was a visitor to Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns during the month.

On Monday October 23rd the Royal Canadian School of Cavalry commenced their six weeks course of instruction at Cavalry Barracks St. Johns. The following N.C.O.'s and Officers attending the course are:

2/Lt. G. A. Wry, N.B.D.  
2/Lt. H. R. McLaughlin, 8th Hrs.  
Cpl. J. J. B. Olney, 11th Hrs.  
Tpr. H. B. Campbell, 8th Hrs.  
Tpr. W. G. Secord, 8th Hrs.

We congratulate Lieut. E. W. H. Berwick, R.C.D., and Trooper S. Deleseluc R.C.D. of Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns on their success in passing their school Signa'ers course he'd at the Central Camps Signals he'd at Camp Borden during the past summer.

We welcome to Cavalry Barracks St. Johns, this month, Tprs. W. D. Stevenson, C. Doherty, R. I. Gallop, and R. C. Morrill.

On September 10th Vice-Admiral Sir Grenfell Skelton K.C.B., C.S.E., D.S.O., R.N. lunched with the Officers at Stanley Barracks.

On Saturday September 23rd a dinner was given at Stanley Barracks by the Permanent Force Officers of Toronto and Camp Borden, to General E. C. Ashton, on occasion of his leaving the district 34 in all attending the dinner.

Major-General E. C. Ashton, C. M.G., V.D., who has been in charge of the Toronto Military District No. 2 since January 1930, will take over the command of the Victoria B.C., Military District No. 11 from Colonel W. G. Beeman, D.S.O., on October 1st of this year. Colonel Beeman who has been in command of M.D. No. 11 since the retirement of Brigadier J. Sutherland Brown in July will relieve Brigadier T. V. Anderson D.S.O. as D.O.C. of M.C. No. 10, at Winnipeg, Man., who will occupy Maj. General Ashton's post at Toronto.

Major-General Ashton has been connected with the army almost continuously since 1893, when he was appointed second lieutenant with the Dufferin Rifles of Canada. A graduate of the Faculty of Medicine of Trinity College, Toronto, in 1898, he served in a number of hospitals in the province of Ontario. At the outbreak of the Great War he was in command of the Howitzer Battery. He volunteered his services in any capacity and was gazetted to organize and command a battalion. The battalion was broken up for reinforcements and he was transferred to England where he successively took charge of the Reserve Canadian Brigades and the Shorncliffe Training Division. In 1917 he was named Brigade Commander of the 15th Canadian Infantry Brigade, 5th Canadian Division. Returning to Canada he was appointed Adjutant General and in 1923 Quartermaster-General, Defence Department.

We regret to hear of the passing of Col. Colin Hartbottle in Toronto during the month, Col. Hartbottle was very well known especially in military circles, having a war record to be proud of. Among his many accomplishments Col. Hartbottle was known to an excellent horseman.

All will be very sorry to hear of the death of Tpr. W. D. Manning, who left us a few months ago to return home to England. Tpr. Manning had many years of service with the Royal Canadian Dragoons and we all extend our sympathy to Mrs. Manning on her loss.

Ex-Tpr. J. Benton of Montreal, paid a visit to Cavalry Barracks St. Johns, during the month, he looks very well and reports that all is going favourably.

While attending the Annual Church Parade of the Black Watch Regiment held in Montreal during the month, we met quite a few friends and acquaintances who inquired after the R.C.D.'s and wished to be remembered to all.

Hearty congratulations to first Troop in coming first in the drummy thrusting competitions and also for winning the Inter Troop Team Jumping competition held at Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns. The winners were Lieut. J. H. Larocque, Sgt. E. Boucher, Sgt. W. Jewkes, L/Cpl. F. W. Lawrence, Tpr. D. Marshall, Tpr. J. Ross.

Several of our friends of the Royal Canadian Regiment on motoring through to London recently stopped in at Stanley Barracks Toronto, we had quite a good report of the lads up there, and they seemed to have enjoyed themselves during their short stay.

## Hunting With the Eglington Pack.

The Eglington Hunt Club started its early morning runs a month ago, and to date has had a most successful season. This year, to make for better hunting, the club has increased the pack to twenty couple, and the hounds under the adroit handling of the club's huntsman are much improved.

The country just north of Toronto is excellent, and affords a great variety of obstacles. There is a great number of natural stump, and log fences, and where wire fences exist, gates, panels, and chicken-coops have been placed. The number of riders this year has been very gratifying and each hunt has averaged about fifty. The early hour of the hunts, and the difficulties that many have to overcome in order to attend denotes clearly the keenness and enthusiasm of the field.

To one who has never "ridden to hounds" before, the first run has a thrill all its own. From the moment the huntsmen blows his horn and the hounds break covert in full cry, to the time when the tired but happy riders dismount from their steaming horses, each field presents a new and different sensation. The hounds, the huntsman's horn, the hunting pink of the riders, all seem to blend so perfectly in the morning mist, with the rapidly approaching shades of autumn, as the horses gallop along, through the crisp air, over hill and dale. Truly it is the sport of Kings and each rider looks eagerly forward to the next run.

Lt. Col. R. S. Timmis, D.S.O., on "Danny Deever" Capt. S. C. Bate and his "Bendore" of show ring fame, Lts. Ardagh and Phillips with their two horses Mike' and Mussolini' that have done so well in recent horseshows, and Lts. Mann and Smith represent Stanley Barracks in the hunting field.

The afternoon drag hunts start



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in a few weeks, if they prove as successful as the morning hunts, the season will certainly have been a very outstanding one.

We are still in hopes of hearing from o'd comrades wherever they may be time goes fast and it won't be long before the New Year is here, we would like to hear of any suggestions, criticisms, remarks, just to let us know where the 'Goat' stands in the estimation of our readers.

We are very glad to report that we have received a large number of new books recently at Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns. This will be good news to our readers as new books are always very welcome.

We would be very much obliged if any subscriber changing their address would please notify the Editor at Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, or Cpl. J. B. Harrison, at Stanley Barracks, Toronto.

We regret that owing to various inspections and one thing and another we have been late in getting the Goat out on time, we hope that during the winter weather we will be able to do better in this respect.

There have been some very promising looking remounts taken on at Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns during the past month, some of us got quite a 'Kick' out of handling one of them. (All right you rough riders, take it easy, don't all rush at once.)

Now that Christmas is not far off and there is a lot of extra shopping to be done by the wise customer who does his shopping early do not forget to get in touch with our Advertisers whether in St. Johns, Montreal, Toronto, or other places where ever you may be.

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## Football.

### Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns

"Are we getting good?" Last Saturday afternoon proved that when the Garrison Football Team met Farnham on October 14th. There is no doubt of it, considering the training that the Garrison team has had they certainly play a good game of football when occasion calls for it.

The first half of the game there was no score, both teams playing hard and well, and the R.C.D.'s having a hard time to break through the Farnham defence.

In the second period the play was made harder by a fresh wind that had come up and of course was blowing in a very inconvenient direction. This made a big difference, sometimes that ball would come within an inch of the goal, every one would be in suspense but it was not to be, towards the end of the second half there was a hard scrimmage around the Farnham goal, was that Goalie busy? Farnham seemed unable to work the ball up the field in spite of all their efforts.

We got our chance, Hayes saw an opening and took advantage of it and the ball went in, thus scoring a goal for the R.C.D.'s. After that break the game was fast and furious both teams using all the team work that they possibly could use Farnham was out for business and let the Drags know it but eventually that little whistle was heard from the Ref. and the game was finished leaving a score of 1-0 in favour of the Drags with all due respect to the Farnham team our lads certainly earned that game, the afternoon was nice and fine and a good crowd of spectators turned out to witness one of the hardest games played in some time down here.

By the looks of Cavalry Barracks St. Johns, October 25th we are getting our snow away ahead of time, everything looks very white and wintry. Is old man winter just kidding us or is he here to stay? this is all very puzzling, if we leave our winter garments where they are he will likely stay, if we fish them out of where ever they may have spent the summer he will probably give us the go-by and leave us with about three

weeks of warm indian summer (or what has he?) on our hands.

In spite of a strong wind that made play different the game played on Saturday September 30, between the Royal Canadian Dragoons and Hart Battery saw a good crowd turn out to watch.

In the first half the 'Drags' seemed to be able to do nothing in spite of the wind being in their favour, they were up against a pretty steady defence and it was just before the half time whistle blew that a well placed corner kick by Cameron was converted by Webb for the only goal to the visitors, 'Sailor' Lawrence who seems to be getting back into his old form played hard in the left wing.

In the second half Hart Battery who now had the wind in their favour and taking advantage of this pressed forward steadily until it looked as if the one goal would decide the game when at the last minute Lawrence sent in one which did not give Beattie much chance. Shortly after he again got the ball on the lower side of the field. He ran well toward the Hart Goat sending over a high centre which Hayes capitalized for the deciding goal.

This changed things considerably in the next few minutes and ended with the R.C.D. carrying off the cup. Hearty congratulations to the R.C.D. team.

After being ejected from a moving picture theatre, an intoxicated gentleman was discovered on the door step of the back entrance with a large bouquet in his arms. A policeman arrested him.

"Did he give any reason for his extraordinary behaviour?" asked the magistrate.

"His speech was a bit indistinct your Honour," answered the policeman, "but from what I could gather he was waiting to see Mary Pickford home."

And then there was the scotchman who died of lead poisoning, a Hebrew passed a lead quarter on to him.

The main difficulty about cutting off the expenses of the government is that practically all the expenses can vote.

## TORONTO NOTES

We welcome to 'B' Squadron Trooper, G. S. Burgon, who enlisted this month.

We are glad to see Trooper 'Jock' Alderson back again from Christie Street Hospital, after an absence of nearly a month. He is quite well again, we are glad to say.

Ex-Il/Cpl. W. Hood, "Battle-ship" was a visitor to Barracks during the month. He is still connected with horses, and appears to be doing well.

We would like to say in connection with the "call" for Old Comrades' News that we would like any contributions as early in the month as possible, for that month's issue.

## WESTERN FAIR.

### LONDON, ONTARIO.

Notes by "Observer."

A splendid four day horse show was held at the Arena, London, Ont., during the Western Fair, September 11th to 14th, the stabling accomodation being very good. Close to the Arena, with good lighting and excellent ventilation; the only serious defect being that smoking in the stables was apparently permitted. How fires are avoided, with straw and hay around is a marvel, and the writer feels very strongly on this point, as anyone with horse sense must realize the danger. The Arena, though small was filled to capacity every night, hundreds being turned away from the doors. It has been suggested that a large Arena be built, and from observations this will be very necessary, for the Ontario "Londoners" appear to be very much in love with 'the horse.'

The footing in the Arena is of the best, being composed of an excellent grade of tan-bark, so nice and soft to fall on. The judges this year were Lt. Col. R. S. Timmis D.S.O., R.C.D. and Mr. A. Baine, of Hamilton, Ont., both of whom were very popular with the exhibitors, who realized that the decisions handed down were made without favour or prejudice.



The entry list was a large one, exhibitors showing from Toronto, Hamilton, Guelph, London, and many other points in Ontario. Capt. and Mrs. L. D. Hammond, were there with two horses, "Kip-pondavie" and "Red Plume" and this team enjoyed a certain measure of success, both horses being experienced jumpers, although handicapped somewhat by the small ring.

The last night should have been called "1st Hussars Night" as members of this regiment occupied a complete section of 80 seats. The last class of the evening, and of the show, was "Teams of Three" eight teams competing, the Military were very much in evidence, Capt. Hammond's team finishing first, and the 1st Hussars team, and Major Black's team finishing 2nd and 3rd in that order.

Numerous people were asking who the lady was (professional of course) who handled "Kip-pondavie" so stylishly for Mrs. L. D. Hammond. Ah me, would that I could handle a horse as expertly as this lady. It would be joy indeed. Still, here's hoping.

## Here and There.

Altho' burdened by work, and quite surrounded by responsibility, we always find time to make our little contribution to the Literary feed-bag of the Goat....our staff of reporters have just completed their reports, and in the Printing Department, the staff are waiting, poised at their presses, and waiting anxiously for our column....we hastily run over the month's budget of news, marking with a red pencil anything unfit to print....there is quite a bit of it....and having sorted out the good from the bad, we hurriedly compose our monthly column....since

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flies, and the disadvantages of being a hunting ground for same, are occupying most of our time at present we will give you Albert's latest invention to remove same....take a small Flit gun, some diluted glue, and several boxes of steel wool....spray the room with the glue....grind the steel wool finely, and spray....a few powerful magnets hanging from the ceiling will do the rest....the furlough season has opened, and most of the lads will be back by the time this is printed....We haven't decided whether to go to Florida, Bermuda or Stratford....Harry Gough tells us that Buffalo has its advantages, being a City of Romance....to judge by the way he attacks the Mail Order daily, we would say that he had "it" bad....never mind we know how you feel....when is your time up Webby?....ahem....our neighbors went to Stratford under an alias....page the Tely....Duff hasn't left us at all to judge by his personal appearances in the Canteen....we are waiting for an application for enlistment from him....'tis said that on his return journey to the Old Country he only got as far as King Street....we enjoyed seeing Fergy holding Gus on his knee while he chanted "I yamma lonely cowboy"....and what about that cover charge Fergy?....since the famous Scott-Payne was 'pinched' for doing a mere 85 m.p.h., we have decided to temporarily cease driving....of course there were other factors which helped us reach this decision but....we feel sure that the boys down on the farm will be glad to know that we won't be down there for a while....did Jimmy Madden have a birthday....congrats Davey....and...sorry Walter Winchell (Watt?) has had his brakes fixed so he doesn't need to throw out the anchor every time he wants to slow down....George, who believes in making full use of the alphabet when signing his name was in during his furlough to see if he was wanted at Stratford....no George, there were no lamp-posts damaged....Mickay has had his arm passed by the Board and is still with us....we have several R.C.R. as guests in our Mess, and they say that our messing is first class....page

the Committee....incidentally we must admit that the chow has been unusually good of late....wonder why....Egbert, who has been silent of late comes out of retirement and tells us (quote) "One thing I like about St. Johns is that no street could be as far away from Barracks as Taunton Street is, and still be in Quebec Province...a nice sentiment Eggy old lad....Robert G. of first troop is still, learning to play cribbage...stay with it Robert....Johnny of Hamilton, since reading last month's issue now sleeps on his face....hope he doesn't wear that out....Worm says that he was not at all surprised to hear that the Mollisons could not leave Wasaga Beach as he had quite a time leaving himself....do we hear a faint echo of these sentiments from St. John....we are glad that we don't have to do this for a living....Jack Alderson returned from Christie Street to find that no one had known he was there....a very useful man that....must have thought he was in the sick lines these last three weeks mucking out....Cy, who is about to cut his second teeth was taken on again this month....he wants to wear his service stripes on his "slacks" as his sleeves are cramped for space....it's a good thing he isn't Squadron Shot, and Signaller etc....we wonder how many of our readers read this anyway....it is now 11.30 p.m. and as we have been at this desk since yesterday morning, we think it's time to call it a day. (This is by Ripley)....hope to have some more news next month, and what about this Old Comrades Column?....we drift into slumber....'s long. J. B. H.

Sandy monkeyed too long with a buzz saw and finally had his hand cut off at the wrist.

While he was being rushed to the hospital fellow workers searched in vain through the piles of saw dust for the severed member. One of the boys dropped a dime and a hand darted out of a corner and grabbed it.

When the "Big Black Wolf" is at the door the true optimist derives consolation from the thought that the brute will keep burglars away.

## HORSE SENSE

The Education of a horse like that of a man is most easily carried out and perfected when, the amount of time and teaching required to make a first class hunter or hack must naturally vary according to the animal's natural spirit and intelligence but the principles of the art of breaking are always the same who ever undertakes to handle and to break young horses requires courage, good temper and endless patience, and he must have a natural love of horses, Horses need much more careful training now than they did years ago. They meet all sorts of alarming looking steam and oil-driven vehicles on the road.

The roads themselves provide no safe footing for a horse nowadays, and if a young horse taken on the road begins to rear and plunge he may soon slip up and seriously injure himself and his rider. They must be got accustomed to all sorts of sights and sounds and smells, and therefore, early handling and breaking is of greater importance than ever.

Whenever we see a vicious horse it is almost safe to assume that he was spoilt in the breaking and his education neglected when young, good manners greatly add to the value of any horse, what ever his work may be.

A certain Captain went to the Cloak room for his coat and hat. He was the last guest out and could not help noticing the sad look on the attendants face. "What is the trouble?" said the Captain sympathetically, "Haven't the guests tipped you liberally tonight.

It's not only that they have not tipped me well Sir," said the attendant, "But somebody's taken the shilling that I had on the plate as a decoy."

In the East end of old London the retail clothing establishment of Richard Bird was known for the originality of its advertising the manager was often called "Dicky." Imagine the amusement of the people when he announced by a large sign "Dicky Bird's trousers are down again."

Where Bobby Hood got his experience in climbing through coal-cellular windows.



## ONE ON UNCLE SAM

A very patriotic American was being driven through the streets of Winnipeg, admiring the broad avenues and stately buildings, but infinitely curious as to their whys and wherefors.

"That is the T. Eaton store," explained the taxi man, "it took four years to build."

"My," said the American, "back in my town we have a place twice as large and it only took two years to put up!"

"Well," said the driver, "you see that Auditorium. It only took three years to construct."

"Gosh," replied his fare. "We have one four times as large and they had the roof on in a year! —But, what is that place we are passing now? it says 'Hudson's Bay Company's'."

"I haven't the faintest idea," sighed the taxi man, disgustedly.

"Do you mean to say you are a taxi driver and you don't know what that place is?" exclaimed the Yankee.

"No, sir, I don't. You see, it wasn't there when I passed this morning!"

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## Some Hints On Feeding Horses.

If a horse has a bad coat or if he will not put on flesh, or both, there is some reason for this, and a good horsemaster will not rest until he has discovered the cause. A horse like this spoils the troop. Oculi domini saginat equum. The eye of the master fattens the horse; applies to the troop leader or squadron commander just as much as it does to the civilian owner. Be constantly in and about the stables, watch the horses, study their idiosyncrasies, their habits and pander to them. If they will not eat it is often your own fault, you have not taken the trouble to find out what they want and how to give it to them. Some horses like salt, others their feed damped, others with bran, or chaff, some chopped carrots, some chopped apples or potatoes. Linseed given in various ways is the secret in others. The horse cannot tell you what he wants so it is your job to find it out. A good feeder in a troop or squadron is worth his weight in gold, as he is in civilian stables. Have you not noticed how some horses the moment you change the rider or the groom, start to put on flesh. Then try this. Some grooms never have a thin horse. Some horses are very delicate feeders, others keep fat on anything and under any circumstances; these latter are valuable in war. Go round your horses one hour, after feeding; if there is food left in the mangers take it out. This does not apply to hay nor to the feed at night, some horses leave their feed until all is quiet and dark at night and have it all cleared up in the morning. Find out what your horse will eat give just a little less; this applies to oats. Some shy feeders are very bad eaters during the day. These should be fed little in the day and given a big feed at evening stables and other late at night. Vary the feed until you find that it is the one that suits your delicate feeder. In addition to the suggestions given above, try a little sugar, molasses, kitchen salt, crushed oats, a little flour, some soaked brewer's grain, bran and chaff, a few cropped dandelions an ounce of cod-liver

oil, or linseed oil, or a tea cup of linseed tea, a pound of split peas or beans, or of boiled barley. Beans and peas should be at least a year old. The way to make linseed tea is to take a pound of linseed, soak it in a gallon of hot water in a big pot; bring it to a simmer, if possible over a gas flame or oil stove and keep it below the boiling for 6 to 8 hours. Do not boil or it will burn. When cool feed it as above. Now all these points will occur to the expert whose heart and soul are in getting his horses a credit to himself or his unit, but the modern mechanical age does not breed this sort of man like it did 25 years ago, so it is up to you to see what you can discover for yourself. Then insist upon sound stable economy and routine. The horse is a terrible animal for habit and regular routine. No noise or shouting or knocking about in the stable or outside. No man who abuses a horse is fit to look after it. And be sure in inculcate the feeling that each horse belongs to its rider or groom, and that a good horse will not be taken away from him if he looks after it properly. And never forget to give praise where it is due. The groom appreciates kind treatment just as much as does the horse.

XENOPHON.

Omnibus driver (to passenger)  
"See that Omnibus coming this way, watch me make that driver mad" (As busses pass each other the driver takes a piece of string out of his pocket and dangles it at the other bus.)

Passenger: "Why does that make him so mad, look at his shaking his fist at you, Oh, Tut, Tut, such language."

Driver: "He is mad, they hang-ed 'is old man last week."

A man was bragging about his newly acquired motor car.

He ended his eulogy by declaring: "It runs so smoothly that you can't feel it; so quietly that you can't hear it; it has such perfect ignition that you can't smell it; and as for speed, why, my boy, you can't see it."

His friend looked startled.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed. "How do you know the car is there at all?"

## The Guides Race.

Wednesday Afternoon, Oct. 11th

A stranger wandering about the vicinity and country side near Cavalry Barracks St. Johns on a certain Wednesday afternoon Oct. 11 might have paused in his wanderings, being under the impression that something was decidedly wrong.

Every where he looked were horses, horses cantering here, horses there, horses over there. "I wonder what they are looking for?" He would likely ask himself. Two riders met "Hullo, what point are you going to?"

"Oh, I am going to No. 3, where is it?"

"Away over there" (pointing in a vague direction) "Where is No. 4?"

"You are standing on it, you various kinds of a so called blank Blank Blank this that and the other" replied this informative Trooper, who clashed up to his next point leaving the other to find out what in the dickens he was standing on and to find himself in general.

One Trooper coming from some where at a smart gallop was asked "Where are you going?"

"Well, he panted, "I am like a tornado, don't know where I came from, Don't know where I am going, but I am in one H-ll of a hurry to get there." (There was no one absent at reveille the next morning, so he must have arrived.)

On closer inquiries the stranger might have learned that this was what they called a guides race in which each contestant is supplied with a map on which are marked various points in the district, the man who covers all points and comes in first wins. Troop. Staples having the honor of bringing in the laurels by being the first one in, nearly everyone covered the course while a few went astray never the less getting in without any serious casualties, it was a good afternoons fun and caused a lot of amusement in a great many ways.

The main difference between being killed in a collision and an explosion is that in a collision there you are, and an explosion, where are you?"





## New Standing Orders For R. C. A. M. C. Orderlies.

These orders will apply in the case of Ordinary Routine, Fires, Births, Marriages Deaths, Coronations, Revolutions, Earthquakes, Floods and any other minor disturbances.

### Order No. 1

All to whom these orders apply, must immediately forget them and do as they like.

### Order No. 2

All women who are employed, or on duty in this Hospital will be treated—but only with courtesy.

### Order No. 3

The Medical officer and other Officers are expected to obey the Orderlies.

### Order No. 4

The following routine will apply:

#### Reveille.

If weather fine, between the

hours of 1 a.m. and 1 p.m.. If weather bad, cancel for the day.

#### Breakfast.

To be served in bed when requested.

#### Work.

Work will be of a very light nature, and only such work as will interest the Orderlies will be done—such as telephoning one's Jane billiards, passing the buck, etc. All other work of a heavy or uninviting nature, will be done by the Medical Officer assisted by the Sister and the Patients.

#### Lunch 12 Noon.

May be served in the dining room, if requested; but when not required, Orderlies are expected to use the Windsor Hotel.

Each afternoon will be declared a holiday, except for the Medical Officer, who will be required to stay on duty until he is relieved by the Sister or by death, etc.

#### Afternoon Tea.

This will be served on the lawn, and Orderlies must notify the

Lady Chef how many Lady Guests they will expect. The Medical Officer will ordinarily serve teas, and must wear a white coat.

#### Supper.

This will only be served if Chef is notified six hours before, and will not be served after 1 a.m. The Medical Officer is expected to do this duty when called upon.

#### Fire.

All up Patients will ensure that the Orderlies are immediately carried to a place of safety. The following will be saved or salvaged in their proper order.

- 1.—Orderlies.
- 2.—All intoxicating liquors

3.—All patients.

4.—The Nursing Sister.

5.—If at all possible the Medical Officer, but no unnecessary risks will be permitted.

#### Night Duties.

When it may be considered necessary to appoint a night duty Orderly to keep the Medical Officer company, the Patients will assure the night duty Orderly's comfort, and see that he does not want for anything. (The intoxicating liquors are stored in the Medical Stores). The Orderly may have female company if he wishes, and the Patients and the Medical Officer are to see that in that event he will not be disturbed. The night duty

## Officers and men

support an old comrade by purchasing your  
drugs and toilet articles at

# REGNIER'S Drug Store

Richelieu St.

Phone 582

St. Johns



Orderly is expected to retire early and wake late.

#### Married Men.

The children of married men will henceforth not be permitted to use the Military Hospital as a playground, but must retire to the Officers' Mess.

When leaving Barracks, all Orderlies will, if using their automobiles, assure that these have been thoroughly polished and cleaned before leaving. The Medical Officer will be detailed to see that these arrangements are carried out.

#### Barracks Room.

Golf Bags will not be permitted to be left in the Barrack Room, but must be left in the receptacle provided, which will be found in the M.O.'s room. If full, Medical Officer may be ejected.

Any Orderly contravening the above orders, will have the Medical Officer brought up on a charge in front of senior Orderly and punished accordingly.

Signed B. A. Loney, B.U.M.

Two rival commercial travellers were journeying to the same village to solicit trade from its only merchant. The village was off the main line, being reached from a junction about a half mile distant. The only conveyance to the village for travellers' sample trunks was a hand propelled cart. On arrival at the junction one of the travellers hustled out and hired the cart ahead of his rival. Unable to obtain any other means of conveying his samples, the other traveller in desperation prevailed upon the local undertaker who lived nearby, to convey his trunks to the village in a hearse. On the way they passed the push cart and its attendants. On arrival at the merchant's store the first traveller was surprised to meet his friend leaving the store with the information that the order had been secured.

"How did you get here ahead of me?" asked the disgruntled salesman.

"Oh!" said the other, "I pass you in a hearse on the road in. I was inside with my samples."

"You were, eh!" was the reply in a disgusted tone, "Well I'll be d—d, and I lifted my hat, too!"

## Things That We Would Like to Know.

Whether the Baron (of First Troop) has entered a "period of Silence" and when we are going to do same?

What Harry Gough thinks about when he gazes across the moonlit waters towards Buffalo every evening?

Does George (A.B.C.D., etc) really fancy himself as a matrimonial agency, and is there really any truth about his order for furniture stopping the strike at Stratford?

Whether 'A' Sqn. really wonder if we can find the answers to the above, and is it true that they solve all their own before the Goat comes out?

Whether Duff is a poor sailor because he couldn't face the sea voyage to Scotland, and why he didn't think of going back with the Mollisons?

Whether Webby, (The eccentric Manager) knows when his time is up?

If the present Remount Riders are really that tough?

How many of the boys are going to School three nights a week this winter?

1st Trooper: "Why does your old man sleep with his glasses on?"

2nd Trooper: "To recognize the person that he is dreaming about I suppose."

"Great Scott" exclaimed the Capt. within the fastness of his own room, "What sort of stuff is this that you got to drink. Brown?" "Well, Sir answered the steward: "I brought that port in for you because I read in an Advertisement in which you said that you could not live without it."

1st Trooper: "Is my face dirty, or is it my imagination?"

2nd Trooper: "Your face is not, dirty, I don't know about your imagination."

## History of the Royal Canadian Dragoons.

Compiled by the late Maj. T. A. James, R.C.D. and verified and edited by Mr. R. C. Feathers-tonaugh.

### Part V

#### Casualties

Owing to earlier casualties, the Royal Canadian Dragoons went into action on November 7th less than one hundred strong. Casualties in the action, officially known as Leliefontein were;

#### Killed—

No. 26 Cpl. E. A. Filson  
No. 102 A/Cpl. W. J. Anderson

#### Died of Wounds

No. 105 Sergt. N. L. Builder.

#### Severely Wounded.

Lieut. J. H. Elmsley  
Lieut. R. E. W. Turner  
No. 30 Sergt F. F. Metcalfe,  
No. 42 Pte. H. H. Loosemore,  
No. 157, Pte. W. Dougall,  
No. 327, Pte. A. H. Roberts  
No. 185, Pte. W. A. Kinsley.

#### Wounded.

Lieut. H. Z. C. Cockburn,  
No. 312 Sgt. Farrier, C. E. Cope,  
No. 370, Pte. M. Berg,  
No. 325, Pte. G. Richardson.

The missing at the conclusion of the action numbered 16, but these men, who had been captured in the mêlée, were released by the Boers and rejoined the unit soon thereafter.

#### Boers Losses

Commenting on the Boer losses in this action, Lord Roberts reported in his despatch of November 16th; "The Boers suffered heavy losses, amongst the killed were Commandant H. Prinsloo and General Fourie and amongst the wounded, General John Grobelaar."

#### Three Victoria Crosses

Three Victoria Crosses were awarded to members of the R.C.D. for conspicuous gallantry in the action at Leliefontein. That one small Corps, reduced to less than one hundred men, should gain distinction in one engagement

sent a thrill of pride throughout the Dominion. The brief official announcements in the London Gazette of April 23rd 1901 read as follows;

COCKBURN, Lieut. Halpden, Zane Churchill.

Date of bravery, 7th November 1900. Lt. Cockburn with a handful of men, at a most critical moment, held off the Boers to allow the guns to get away. To do so he had to sacrifice himself and his party, all of whom were killed, wounded or taken prisoners, he himself being slightly wounded.

TURNER, Lieut. Richard, Ernest William.

Date of act of Bravery, 7th November, 1900. Later in the day when the Boers again seriously threatened to capture the guns, Lieut. Turner, although twice wounded, dismounted and deployed his men at close quarters and drove off the Boers, thus saving the guns.

HOLLAND, Sergeant E.

Date of act of Bravery. 7th November, 1900. Sergeant Holland did splendid work with his Colt gun and kept the Boers off the two twelve-pounders by its fire at close range. When he saw the enemy were too near for him to escape with the carriage, as the horse was blown, he calmly lifted the gun off and galloped away with it under his arm.

#### Last Engagement

Though Leliefontein proved the most striking of the Royal Canadian Dragoons' actions with General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien's Flying Column, it was not the last, for on November 13th the force marched from Belfast to the Steel-poort Valley to co-operate with a column sent by General Lyttelton from Middelburg. No outstanding action occurred in the five days that followed, but General Smith-Dorrien mentions in his memoirs that very fine service was rendered on November 14th by a Colt gun of the Royal Canadian Dragoons, under Lieut. Howard. In a footnote regarding this officer, Sir Horace says "Known as 'Gat Howard', a very fine American and a rich man who had come out merely for the love of fighting. I regret to say he was killed serving under General Al-



derson in the Eastern Transvaal later on."

### Complimentary Order

On November 20th, 1900 on the occasion of the Royal Canadian Dragoons and the Canadian Mounted Rifles leaving his Force General Sir Horace Smith-Dorrien issued an order in which he stated, "He can merely say he would choose no other mounted troops in the world if he had his choice."

### Return to Canada

Upon the conclusion of their service with General Smith-Dorrien's Flying Column the Royal Canadian Dragoons prepared to return to Canada. They sailed from South Africa in December 1900, and reached home in January 1901.

### Resumé

In South Africa the Regiment marched more than seventeen hundred miles and fought on forty-four days. The days of fighting and the places where action occurred were as follows:

April 22, 23, 24 —Leeuw Kop (Waterworks) 3 days fighting  
May 3—Brantford, 1 day fighting  
May 4—Constantia, 1 day fighting  
May 5—Veit River, 1 day fighting  
May 7—Virginia Siding, 1 day fighting  
May 10—Verdris Verdrag, 1 day fighting  
May 25—Viljoen's Drift, 1 day fighting  
May 27, 28—Klip Riverburg 1 day fighting  
May 30—Near Driefontein, 1 day fighting  
June 3—Kalheuve, 1 day fighting  
June 11, 12—Diamond Hills, 2 days fighting  
June 18, 19—Loutspans Drift, 2 days fighting  
July 6—Ritefontein, 1 day fighting  
July 7—Olifantsfontein 1 day fighting  
July 8, 9, 10—Rietfontein, 3 days fighting  
July 12—Witport—Koffyspruit, 1 day fighting  
July 16—Witport—Dorstfontein, 1 day fighting  
July 23—Bosch Fontein, 1 day fighting  
July 27 —Bank Fontein, 1 day fighting

August 1—Buffel Spruit, 1 day fighting  
August 3—Dornkop, 1 day fighting  
August 25, 26, 27—Belfast—Berdal, 3 days fighting.  
October 1—Boschpoort, 1 day fighting.  
October 5—Weltefreden, 1 day fighting.  
November 2—Witkooof, 1 day fighting.  
November 6, 7—Vanwyksvlei-Liefontein, 2 days fighting.  
November 13, 14, 15, 16, 17,—Witpoort-Dustroom, 5 days fighting.

### Honour and Awards

The following honours and awards were granted to members of the regiment for service in South Africa:

Victoria Cross ..... 3  
C.B. .... 1  
D.S.O. .... 2  
D.C.M. .... 2  
Mention in Despatches .... 1

### Officers Who Served in South Africa

Commanding Officer—Lt. Col. F. L. Lessard.  
2nd in Command—Maj. T. B. L. Evans.  
"A" Sqn.—Major W. Forester,  
1st Tp.—Lieut. J. H. Elmsley,  
2nd Tp.—Lieut. H. Z. C. Cockburn.  
3rd—Lieut. R. M. Van'uyen,  
4th Tp.—Lieut. A. H. King,  
Sup'y—Lieut. F. H. C. Sutton.  
'B' Sqn.—Major V. A. S. Williams and Capt. H. S. Greenwood.  
1st Tp.—Lt. C. T. VanStrauben-zee.  
2nd Tp.—Lieut. F. V. Young.  
3rd Tp.—Lieut. R. E. W. Turner.  
4th Tp.—Lieut. H. L. Borden.  
Adjutant—Capt. C. M. Nelles,  
Q.M.—Capt. J. H. Wynne.  
M.O.—Sgt. Maj. H. R. Duff.  
Transport Officer—Capt. C. F. Harrison.  
V.O.—Vet. Major W. B. Hall.  
Colonel Lessard, Major Evans, Lieut. Young, Capt. Nelles, and Capt. Harison, also saw active service in the North West Rebellion, in 1885.

### The Years Between 1901—1914

From January 1901 when the Royal Canadian Dragoons returned to Canada from South Africa,

until August 1914, when Great Britain declared war on Germany, the Regiment carried out the training and routine of a peaceful period. A detachment, under Regimental Sergeant-Major James Widgery (later Major Widgery) was sent to the coronation of His Majesty King Edward VII in 1902, and a strong contingent, under the command of Lieut. V. A. S. Williams, who commanded all mounted troops from Canada on the occasion was sent in 1911 to the coronation of His Majesty King George V, who previously, as Prince of Wales, had honoured the Regiment by accepting appointment on December 12, 1908 as its first Honorary Colonel. His Majesty who had ridden R.C.D. No. A. 12 at the Tercentenary Celebrations in Quebec earlier in 1908, was pleased after his accession to the throne to retain until 1921 his appointment as Honorary Colonel of the Regiment, and in that year, on April 4th to accept appointment as the Regiment's Colonel-in-Chief.

Meanwhile, the active command of the Regiment had been held until April, 1907, by Col. F. L. Lessard who left at that time to assume duties in Ottawa as Adjutant-General. Colonel Lessard held a peculiar place in the regard of all ranks of the Royal Canadian Dragoons and in his new post won similar esteem throughout the Canadian Forces. It is therefore with pride and affection that the Regiment cherishes the memory of his leadership and devoted service. He was succeeded in command in 1907 by Colonel V.A.S. Williams, who followed further in his footsteps by succeeding him as Adjutant-General at Ottawa in December 1912. Col. C. M. Nelles then assumed command, which he held when the Great War opened in 1914. Previously in 1906 he had moved with 'A' Sqn. from Toronto to St. Johns, P.Q., where a school of cavalry was opened under his command.

### The Great War—Mobilization

On August 1st 1914, when war between Great Britain and Germany was threatened, His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, Governor General of Canada, cabled to the British Government that, in the event of war, the

Dominion stood ready to provide a division of troops for overseas. On August 4th, war was declared; and on the 6th the formation of the Canadian Contingent began.

At this time, the Royal Canadian Dragoons were on a two-squadron basis, Lieut. Col. C. M. Nelles, and Regimental Headquarters with 'B' Squadron, under Major D. D. Young, being stationed at Stanley Barracks, Toronto; and 'A' Squadron under Major C. T. Van Strauben-zee, at St. Johns, P.Q., On August 15 the Regiment concentrated at Valcartier Camp, P.Q. where it was brought up to war establishment by the formation of 'C' Sqn. under Major Alexander McMillan, D.S.O.

After a period of training the 641 horses of the Regiment were loaded in the S.S. Lakonia (1) at Quebec on September 23rd accompanied by five officers and forty six other ranks; and on the 24th the Main Body of the Regiment composed of twenty nine officers and 495 other ranks, embarked on the S.S. Laurentic (2). His Royal Highness the Duke of Connaught, despite drizzling rain and a cold wind, attended the embarkation and wished all ranks good speed.

(1) Torpedoed Feb. 25, 1917, off the S. W. Coast of Ireland.

(2) Sunk by mine, Jan 1917, off the coast of Ireland.

Sailing from Quebec, the Laurentic which also carried the 1st Canadian Infantry Battalion, proceeded to Gaspé Basin and thence, in company with more than thirty other Canadian transports, under protection of the Royal Navy sailed for overseas on October 3rd.

### Training in England

Reaching Devonport on October 14th, after a never to be forgotten welcome from thousands of cheering people on historic Plymouth Hoe, the Laurentic and Lakonia docked at 9.30 a.m. on October 17, and at noon disembarkation began; being completed at 2.30 p.m. on October 18th when the last of the six trains carrying the Regiment left Friary Station, Plymouth, for Salisbury Plain. Arriving at Amesbury Station at intervals on Oct. 18th, the detachment of the Royal Canadian Dragoons marched about fifteen miles across Salisbury



Plain, leading their horses to Pond Farm Camp and there settled down under canvas.

Odd place, truly, in which to crack jokes, yet they are to be found in plenty, recorded on stone for the rib tickling of future generations. One notices that a favourite method of the graveyard humorist is to make play upon the calling of the deceased. We visited the grave of a Dyer whose epitaph read:—

"THIS DYER WITH A DIRE LIVER TRIED

TO MAKE A LIVING DYEING, AND HE DIED."

and then there was this sarcastic remark on a Mr. Strange, K.C.:—

"HERE LIES AN HONEST LAWYER AND THAT'S STRANGE."

and anent our dear, departed tailor:—

"A MAN OF STITCHES WAS ROSS HYDE, IN HIS WORK LAY ALL HIS PRIDE: AND EVEN WHEN THIS TAILOR DIED 'T WAS WITH A STITCH IN HIS RIGHT SIDE."

..with this remark about our late dentist:—

"HE IS FILLING HIS LAST CAVITY."

They say that the woman always has the last word. But the long suffering husband sometimes has the chance to hit back when his nagging spouse is beyond replying. In a churchyard in Edinburgh, Scotland, there appears:—

"HERE SNUG IN GRAVE MY WIFE DOTH LIE:

NOW SHE'S AT REST—AND SO AM I."

and in the same churchyard, over a departed but unregretted partner:—

"THE LAST DAY OF HER LIFE WAS THE FIRST OF MY HAPPINESS."

In another churchyard in Scotland a tombstone bears these lines:

"HE DIED IN PEACE. HIS WIFE DIED FIRST."

Sometimes, however, the case is reversed, and the forlorn relief improved the occasion with an eye to the future, as note:—

"SACRED TO THE MEMORY  
—JAMES H. BROWN—  
WHO DIED AUGUST 6th, 1800  
HIS WIFE, WHO MOURNS AS ONE  
WHO CAN BE COMFORTED. AGED  
24, AND POSSESSING EVERY  
QUALIFICATION FOR A GOOD  
WIFE, LIVES ON MAIN STREET  
IN THIS VILLAGE."

At Salby, England, there is a grave-digger's epitaph, which reads:—

"HERE LIES THE BODY OF POOR FRANK ROW. PARISH CLERK AND GRAVE STONE CUTTER AND THIS IS WRIT TO LET YOU KNOW, WHAT FRANK FOR OTHERS USED TO DO, IS NOW, FOR FRANK, DONE BY ANOTHER."

Near the War Memorial in Winchester Cathedral is a tomb with not only a quaint epitaph, but a quainter postscript. The epitaph reads:—

"HERE SLEEPS IN PEACE, A HAMPSHIRE GRENADIER, WHO CAUGHT HIS DEATH BY DRINKING COLD SMALL BEER: SOLDIERS, BE WISE! FROM HIS UNTIMELY FALL, AND WHEN YOU'RE HOT, DRINK STRONG, OR NONE AT ALL."

and the postscript:—

"THIS MEMORIAL BEING DAMAGED, WAS RESTORED BY THE OFFICERS OF THE GARRISON, JAN. A.D. 1781.

"AN HONEST SOLDIER, NEVER HE DIE BY MUSKET OR BY POT."

And here's a gem from Ould Aireland:

"HERE LIES THE BODY OF JOHN MOUND: LOST AT SEA, AND NEVER FOUND."

and this warning against patent medicines:—

"HERE LIES THE REMAINS OF MAGGIE WILLS: SHE DIED FROM TAKING TOO MANY PILLS."

In a Cambridge churchyard may be read this poetic effusion:

"HERE LIES JOHN CRUMP WHO BY DEATH'S THUMB WAS LAID ON HIS RUMP BUT UP HE SHALL JUMP UPON THE LAST TRUMP."

Often the humour is evidently quite unconscious as in this ins-

tance:—

"OUR LITTLE JACOB HAS BEEN TAKEN AWAY FROM THIS EARTHLY GARDEN TO BLOOM IN A SUPERIOR FLOWER POT ABOVE

and most decided in this:—

"SHE LIVED A LIFE OF VIRTUE AND DIED OF THE CHOLERA MORBUS, BY EATING GREEN FRUIT IN THE HOPE OF A BLESSED IMMORTALITY AT THE AGE OF TWENTY FOUR. GO THOU AND DO LIKEWISE."

Graveyards in the United States furnish the most ludicrous examples of all. At Keeseville, N.Y. is the following:—

"HERE LIES, A MAN OF GOOD REPUTE, WHO WORE A NUMBER SIXTEEN BOOT. TIS NOT RECORDED HOW HE DIED BUT SURE IT IS THAT OPEN WIDE THE GATES OF HEAVEN MUST HAVE BEEN. TO LET SUCH MONSTROUS FEET WITHIN."

Upon the grave of an unfortunate Leacon in Massachusetts there is the following:—

"HERE LIES THE BODY OF DEACON SPEAR, WHOSE MOUTH DID STRETCH FROM EAR TO EAR. STRANGER, TREAD LIGHTLY O'ER THE SOD, FOR IF HE GAPES, YOU'RE GONE —BY GOD."

and finally from Burlington, New Jersey:—

"HERE LIES THE BODY OF MARY ANN LOWDER, SHE BUST WHILE DRINKING A SEIDLITZ POWDER. CALLED FROM THIS WORLD TO HER HEAVENLY REST. SHE SHOULD HAVE WAITED TILL IT EFFERVESCED."

Stage Manager: "What's your name?"

Actress: "Sophronia Tryphena Tillinghast."

First Tuxedo: "Frightfully dull party, isn't it? I wonder who's the jackass giving it?"

Second Tuxedo: "I am."

There once was an M.O. called Tessier,

Against ringworm he had no mer-

He tried to fight them with drugs

But the 'S'ugs' drove him 'bugs.' And thus of Tessier got the best-

"FOR PEOPLE WILL TALK."

You may get through the world, but 'twill be very slow, If you listen to all that is said as you go.

You'll be worried and fretted, and kept in a stew, For meddlesome tongues must have something to do. And people will talk.

If quiet and modest, you'll have it presumed.

That your humble position is only assumed.

You're a wolf in sheep's clothing or else you're a fool, But don't get excited, keep perfectly cool.

For people will talk.

And then if you show the least boldness of heart,

Or a slight inclination to take you're own part,

They will call you an upstart, conceited and vain,

But keep straight ahead, don't stop to explain.

For people will talk.

If threadbare your dress or old fashioned your hat,

Someone will surely take notice of that,

And hint rather strong that you can't pay your way,

But don't get excited whatever they say.

For people will talk.

If you dress in the fashion, don't think to escape,

For they criticize then in a different shape;

You're ahead of your means, your bills are unpaid.

For people must talk.

Now the best way to do is to do as you please,

For your mind, if you have one, will then be at ease,

Of course you will meet with all sorts, of abuse,

But don't think to stop them, it ain't any use.

For people will talk.

Sent by L. W. M.

Ships Captain: (As ship struck a rock and began to fill with water) "Damn You, I thought that you knew every rock in this harbour."

Pilot: "I do, that was one of them."



While  
There's  
Life...



There's  
Ogdens

And Ogden's Fine Cut Cigarette Tobacco is one of the things that make life worth while.

Easy to roll? Yes...but there's more than that to be said for this fragrant, mellow cigarette tobacco. It's cool and smooth—gives a man everything he wants in a cigarette.

Get a package and learn the whole enjoyable "roll your own" story that Ogden's wants to tell you. Use "Chanteclerc" papers with it.

**SAVE THE POKER HANDS**

**OGDEN'S**  
**FINE CUT**

Your pipe knows Ogden's Cut Plug.



## The Horse and Mule in National Defence.

(From a pamphlet issued by the Horse Association of America)

In these days of automobiles, especially when one lives in a great city it is difficult not to believe that the day of the horse, and of his hybrid relative, the mule, is rapidly passing.

### Horses, Mules the Nation Over

"But while we see less of them on the congested city streets, and most of those of us who live in the city make little use of them in our daily lives, they nevertheless continue to do the bulk of the work on our farms and ranches. It is vitally necessary to the country that they shall continue to do this, vitally necessary that we shall keep up their breeding, both in quantity and quality, so that when emergency again faces the nation we shall have not only the men but the animals which are necessary to its defence.

### Kinds of Preparedness

We have the man-power for defence, and it can be mobilized and trained with fair speed when the occasion demands. Of this the World War furnished proof.

We are the greatest of the industrial nations. We can produce more rapidly than any other country the great quantity of mechanical devices and munitions that are necessary to war. Our industrial preparedness is being well organized.

But there are many things in war that can not be done by men nor machines; and that only animals can do. It takes several years to raise horses to the age at which they are suitable for hard work, and even then the weedy, unsound and weak ones can not stand military usage. If the supply of well-bred animals is not habitually kept up in time of peace, one of the most important pillars of the nation's structure of defence will be missing when, unhappily, we are again forced to war.

It is from my experience as a soldier, and particularly from my experience and observation of conditions of war as we lived them in 1917 and 1918 that I wish to em-

phasize to you this national need.

### Animals Needed in War Time

Many people — even many soldiers whose experience of war has been more or less narrow and who have seen only the part played by their own arm or service, involving use of tanks airplanes or motor trucks, have the idea that war can be fought today with mechanical transport only, and without the aid of our four-footed friends. But I will tell you that it can not be done. The contrary, however, is sometimes true. Under some circumstances quite effective war can be waged without mechanical transport and with the aid of animals alone, as witness the opposition which the Riffian tribesmen are today giving one of the most powerful military nations of the world.

In the supply of an army in the field, ships and trains bring up rations, ammunition and the necessary multitude of supplies of all kinds from the home country to the depots of the theatre operations. Great convoys of motor trucks move these supplies from the depots as far forward as the good roads required for their operation permit to dumps or distributing points in the combat zone. There the absolute reliability of mechanical transport ceases; but the soldier in the fighting line must not suffer any interruption in the arrival of his food and ammunition. So it is there, as the last link of the service of supply, in the very area swept by enemy guns, that we find it necessary to have great quantities of animal-drawn transportation.

### Practical Reliability

In this area, close behind the lines, the roads may have great shell craters in them and detours must frequently be made through the soft ground on the sides. Delivery must often be made by by-roads and paths to units deployed in the hills and mountains off the main roads. In winter, as in Belgium and France in 1917-1918 the roads are mires or mud cut to pieces by the traffic of long columns and with no chance of repair, or there are unbridged streams to be crossed, or there is zero weather and the man in the trenches is poorly consoled for the lack of a day's food by the thought that the carburetor on the company ration

truck goes out of action in the cold. So from the division forward, hard experience has taught us to stick to animal drawn transportation for supply.

Machine guns in battle are not placed near the broad highways as a rule, but rather are concealed in the rocky ravines, in farm yards and woods. It is only the horse or mule than can guarantee to take the guns quietly and surely into such positions, many of which were difficult even for men to reach without the use of their hands.

### Factors in Artillery Placement

Divisional artillery, too, must be able to emplace off the roads. It must be able to get through mud and water with the same degree of certainty as the infantry whom it supports. It frequently goes in position far forward in the combat zone at night when the noise of tractors would betray its presence. It must be able, when occasion demands to march economically at the slow rate of the infantry, two and one-half miles per hour. Motors can not meet these specifications, and the demand is for horses.

### Airplanes Aid Cavalry

Many people—again many soldiers, judging war from the standpoint of their own more or less restricted participation, have the impression that the day of cavalry in war has passed; that the airplane, the machine gun and barbed wire have banished it from the theatre of operations. Nothing could be farther from the fact.

It is true that the airplane has relieved cavalry from much of the long distance reconnaissance which formerly only cavalry could do. In allowing the latter to be concentrated on its more important missions of close reconnaissance and participation in the battle.

Airplane reconnaissance is not very effective at night or in rainy, foggy weather. Enemy air force has an insistent way of preventing leisurely or continued observation. The airplane must come down to the shelter of its own army when it runs out of gas, so it is not capable of constant observation. The airplane can not bring in negative information which is often of as much value as positive information. For example, in scanning a large wooded area for the enemy, the

aviator can only say "I did not see the enemy;" cavalry, on the other hand, may well bring the report "We have been through the woods and the enemy is not there." Both the cavalry and the air service are needed for reconnaissance and one complements the work of the other.

### Cavalry Work not Transferable

Cavalry participates in the battle today, as in years gone by, on that part of the field which affords most opportunity for its primary characteristic, its ability to move rapidly when close to the enemy, and across any kind of ground. Rapid movement in war usually finds its place on the flanks of the battle line.

In the days of Grant and Lee, of Sheridan and Jeb Stuart, brigades and divisions of cavalry were employed on the flanks of armies of a few thousand men deployed and fighting on fronts of a few miles. In the World War we saw really an army of cavalry operating on the flank of the Allied battle line in a war of movement that extended from Roumania to the Suez Canal. Every Allied army commander on the western front wished for cavalry in those days between July 18th and November 11th, 1918. On the brown Mesopotamian plains where the wars of mankind first began, Allenby's cavalry demonstrated that mounted operations on a large scale are still in the war picture. The picture has changed only in scale and war demands more cavalry than ever. Cavalry means horses in great quantities.

At one time we were a nation of horsemen. Those days are gone. We are becoming largely a nation of motor mechanics, and I must say I believe it to be with a lessened health and hardiness, and certainly with an accompanying rotundity and softness of figure. We have exchanged the saddle for the limousine.

### Defense Demands Horse-Breeding

We were in the past a great horse-breeding nation. There is still a vast aggregate supply. But many of the horses that make up the total are of qualities and breeds not suitable for military usage. It is a national duty that we continue to improve and conserve our supply.

During the World War our al-





lies bought, in this country, between 1914 and 1918, nearly one and one-half million horses and mules for their war needs. We ourselves purchased for military use in 1917 and 1918, 320,000 horses and 160,000 mules, and we had 39,000 animals in the army at the outbreak of war.

Were we again called upon for a great war effort it has been estimated that we would need 350,000 horses and 300,000 mules on mobilization, and that these would have to be replaced at the rate of 3 per cent. or 19,500 head, per month.

It is only by the most exact and reasoned care on the part of the army remount and veterinary services and of the troops themselves that replacements can be held to any such low figures. At one time in the Boer War the British losses of animals ran to as high as 70 per cent per month, due to shipments being made directly from farm to war zone without due conditioning or training.

#### Horsemanship Acquired Slowly

Conditioning and training require men who are horsemen. We must keep alive in our country the cult of the horsemen in order that, in emergency, the knowledge of the few may be spread to the many

who have to handle these vast numbers of animals in the national defence. In the last war there was no difficulty in teaching our bright young men the mechanics of artillery firing, but the war did not last long enough to teach our artillerymen to be horsemasters. That is a slow process where experience counts for much and it is acquired at tremendous cost. Any artillery man who served in the war, and particularly those who made the long winter march from the Meuse to the Rhine, knows the unhappy story of our animals and the wretchedness of their condition at the close of the Meuse-Argonne campaign.

#### All Breeds Have Place

We have many breeds of horses in this country, almost as many as there are makes of automobiles or radio sets. Nearly all have their usefulness in the military service and contribute their bit to the national defensive power. The Clydesdale, the Shire, the Percheron, the Hackney and the Trotter are the breeds which lend their blood to the best of our artillery and transport horses and mules. The thoroughbred, the Kentucky saddle horse, the Morgan and the Arab furnish the stock for our cavalry and riding horses. I hold no brief for a any particular breed.

#### All Horsemen Help Nation

The merchant or dealer who keeps horses for the short hauls and frequent stops, where they are more efficient than motors, is helping his country.

The farmer who keeps his faithful equine friends to work in his fields is helping.

The ranchman and cowboy on their ponies at the round-up are helping.

The man who rides in the park and teaches his children to ride for their health and pleasure is aiding. There is no better prescription than the old one of "the outside of an horse for the inside of a man."

WONDER

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AND  
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Racing, instead of being merely a rich man's pastime and a mechanism for gambling as some believe, has become the victim of the uplifter, but it the most powerful factor in keeping in our country, the blood of the thoroughbred. This blood, above all others, carried with it the qualities of courage, stamina and speed which are so essential to the saddle-horse for military purposes. It will be a sad day for our country if it is permitted to disappear.

Horse shows, polo and hunting and all the uses of the horse in sport, contribute to our horse supply and to the number of our people who are skilled in horsemanship.

### All Should Aid Horsemanship

The Government should and does lend its aid through the Bureau of Animal Husbandry, of the Department of Agriculture, the Remount Bureau of the War Department, and through the activities of the cavalry and artillery of the Regular Army and National Guard in horse affairs of the country.

Each of these is doing something in a material way to aid in the future defence of the country if that should again become necessary. I ask of you, whenever you may be in such position as to afford it, your sympathetic understanding, your aid and your encouragement in the work of continuing our national horse supply.

### AT THE TELEPHONE

"Hello? Is that the Public Telegraph's office?... It is!! Good. I want to send a telegram, will you dispatch one of your messengers to take it?... Why, that's marvelous! So, I just dictate you the message over the 'phone and it'll be delivered just the same as if I had written it at your office. That's very kind and thoughtful of you.... Oh, the company's responsible for it! Well just the same it's very nice.... Oh yes! The telegram. Here it is. Ready?... Mrs. Ellsworth Van Bueren. Operator? Put an e between u and r in Bueren. It's pronounced Bu-ren but it is spelled B u e r e n. Mrs. Van Bueren is very particular about the way her name is written, you know.... You had written it with an e!

Smart girl. Few persons can write it perfectly the first time. Let me see, now. Oh yes! Mrs. Ellsworth Van Bueren. You've got that! haven't you. Don't forget the e 6969 Beverley Avenue. Be careful about 6969. Don't write 9669, 6669, or some other such number. It's 6969.... You wrote 6969! Well, that's good. Now, continue. Montreal, Canada. Don't forget Canada, because there's a town called Montreal in the United States and it might be sent there. I know there's one because we passed through it going to New York.... You wrote Canada! Splendid! Remarkable girl! Now, where was I! Oh yes! Mrs. Ellsworth Van Bueren, 6969 Beverley Avenue, Montreal, Canada. Elmer and I thank you for your invitation stop. Operator?... Listen. You mustn't write the word stop. You see in telegrams, stop means the end of the sentence; it takes the place of the period. I saw it in a book; that's why I know.... Oh, you know it, too! My, but you're as intelligent girl!... What's that? You say it's not necessary to tell you when to put a stop; you can do it alone.... Well you certainly are a bright girl! Now, where was I?... Oh yes! We won't fail to be there stop. Rely on us. Signed Ella. That's all. Read the whole thing over to see if you haven't made some mistakes.... That's it. Perfect. When will you send it?... Right now. Splendid. Well, I believe that's all. Oh, by the way, how much will it cost and how am I going to pay you? WHAT? Ninety-two cents! Ninety-two cents for sending such a short telegram. I can't believe it. It's preposterous!.... Oh, it's the company's usual rate, eh! Well I don't care. It's sheer robbery and I won't submit it. Operator? Don't send that telegram. I won't pay for it if you do. I'll let Mrs. Van Bueren know that we accept her invitation—when I'll see her at our bridge party tonight!"

### NO EWES!

A certain coloured minister was a together too friendly with certain junior females in his congregation, and although the elders were loath to believe idle rumours, they finally decided that something must be done when he was caught in his study one evening with a pre-

## To Boot, To Saddle, To Horse and Away.

By Daniel A. Orth, M.D.

(From "Hygiene")

Horseback riding, pleasant recreation, beneficial exercise. Few other things will, in the same limit of time, bring the relaxation, the adventures of far-reaching benefits of an hour of horseback riding. It stirs the blood, it hardens the muscles and it develops a much-to-be-desired coordination of mind and body.

This form of sport may be equally profitable to persons of all ages. It strikes a happy medium between over-indulgence or too strenuous exercise, and under-indulgence. Children frequently play with excessive vigour, and the consequences are injurious; the man in middle life, whose blood pressure is up, is apt to exercise too energetically; and the older man whose cardiac action is impaired, is often in danger of over-indulgence in physical activity.

For all these, horseback riding is a safe, a satisfying and a delightful pleasure. At the same time, it is a health-producing strengthening and invigorating exercise and strenuous enough to build firm muscles.

possessing young damsel on his lap. Brought before the board, the minister proceeded to his own defence.

"Now, brethren," he said. "I'se de pastor ob dis here church. I'se heah to tell you dat de hon'rabl title of pastor in Latin meass shep'hard ob dis flock, an to sho' mo' cleah'y wat am de duties ob de shep'hard jes' look at de stained glass memoria's in dis church, an' you'll see de Shep'hard ob de flock carryin' a little lamb. Now den, as shep'hard, I conten' dat I has de right to carry de lambs ob dis flock in ma ahms. Derefoah I'se not guilty."

The elders were dumbfounded at this "powahful defence," and acquitted their minister, but added to their verdict:—"Derefoah we bequest dat it be resolved dat if ouah beloved pastor should fee' de desire creepin' ovah him to take de lambs ob dis church is his embrace dat he pleeze take a-ram lamb."

A child is old enough to ride when he is old enough to be taught to stick to a horse. Riding teaches children courage; through the acquiring of skill of managing their mounts they learn self-mastery. The earlier a child learns to ride the easier it is for him. One of the writer's own sons started at six, the other at nine, to day they are both expert, fearless riders. Training their horses has helped to develop in them qualities of good judgment, obedience, self-control and consideration.

For business and professional men, who have limited time for exercise and recreation, riding is a boon. City dwellers lacking leisure for trips to suburban golf courses can frequently spare the hour or two necessary for a good ride through parks and along bridle paths.

Men that make a practice of riding an hour each morning always feel fit for the day's work, and the long hours of office work do not tire them easily. Through this sport one's heart action is strengthened, lung capacity increased, and other bodily organic functioning assisted, all contributing to general physical fitness.

The pleasures and benefits that accrue to the man who rides come also—and often because of the difference of temperament to a greater degree—to the woman who rides. If a woman wants to glow with health that will make her attractive, this is one splendid way of obtaining it. Clear skin, bright eyes and the glow of health come from breathing of fresh air.

Ask the man who rides at day-break when the dew is on the grass and the early morning scents fill the air, when the sunlight sparkles like a coat of mail on the waters, what his thoughts are. Ask him if he would exchange that hour for any other in the day. Ask him how he feels when the ride is ended, and in what spirit he undertakes the day's work.

Not only does horseback riding give satisfying results for the limited time spent in the sport, but it permits of a dual companionship—the comradeship with other lovers of sport and with another friend, always sympathetic, the horse.

As a physician, the writer can endorse horseback riding for his patients and his associates for the benefit of the body that it pro-



duces; as a lover of good horses and of riding, he can recommend it for pleasure of soul and spirit that it will bring.

### WAS HE MAD?

Three young Officers were on leave, the day was fine, they had a month's holiday ahead of them, and they were in the best of spirits.

"What are you going to do?" said one.

"Well," said another, "I think that I will go hunting."

"Fishnig will suit me," said the third, also want to get into training for that Boxing Tournament that is coming off, say have you those tickets, Bob?"

"If you box like you shoot," said Bob, "You certainly need training 'Darn it! where is that other ticket?' he continued before the other could reply to that last wise crack, 'I had them all here ten minutes ago,' (There is a frantic search through pockets).

"Listen Harry, I'm most awfully sorry, but I have lost that other ticket, and here comes that

hard boiled conductor, hurry up' get under that seat, do I say, get under that seat.

"Is his face red?" remarked Fred, the third Officer who did not seem to have very much to say.

Seeing that there was nothing for it Harry scrambled under the seat just in time to escape the eagle eye of the hard boiled conductor. "Tickets Please" he chanted to the two sad faced young men sitting with folded hands looking out of the smoking car window.

"How is this? he remarked 'Here are three tickets and there are only two of you, where is the other man?'"

"That is all right, conductor," said Bob, trying to look very melancholy "my brother is not quite right in the head and he likes to travel under the seat like that, we are taking him along for treatment."

"Are you trying to be funny" said the conductor suspiciously.

"Oh no certainly not" said Bob innocently, "Look under the seat and see for yourself."

The conductor looked, looked again, blinked hard. "Well, well" he muttered as he punched the tickets, "That is too bad." and away he hustled.

We will draw a curtain over what ensued after the conductor passed through the car, the three travellers managed to leave the train without being noticed by the conductor again needless to say that one young officer left with a firm resolve to dispense with all fishing during his holiday, and devote his time to training for the Boxing Tournament, he did not wish him any hard luck but he hoped to have young Bob Maynard in the same ring with him just for three minutes, and heaven help that gentleman in his misfortune.

Wife (reading from book): "It is the custom in India, when the husband dies to burn his wife along with him on pyre. 'Isn't it dreadful?'"

Husband: "No, I'd call it poetic justice."

When two young Irishmen joined up in a Canadian Regiment their Captain promised them a dollar for each german that they killed.

Near Ypres, Pat lay down to rest while Mike kept watch. Suddenly Mike shouted "they're comin' they're comin'."

"Who's coming" says Pat.

"The Germans" says Pat.

"How many are there?" says Pat.

"About fifty thousand," yelled Mike.

"Begorra" shouts pat grabbing a rifle, "Our fortunes made."

1st Trooper: "I bet you were mad when you stepped on that skunk."

N.C.O.: "You bet I was, I was highly incensed."

We have often heard that a horse is a man's best friend, race track experience has made us doubtful.

A man is known by the Instalment Companies that he keeps.

# Do you drink plenty of Milk?

Milk is one of the most nourishing foods obtainable and should be included in the daily diet of every person. Drink at least a quart a day of milk which you know to be pure, rich and wholesome for.....health!

*City Dairy*

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# For Rainy Days

Rubber Overshoes  
for ladies, misses and  
children.

Lightweight rubbers  
in several models;  
laced rubbers for  
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Lightweight rubbers  
for men, work rub-  
bers, heavy laced  
rubbers, rubber boots

We have a most complete  
assortment of these lines.

## GEORGES ST-GERMAIN

Courtesy, Service and  
Satisfaction always rule.

### Wholesale & Retail

(In front Imperial Theatre)

Richelieu St. St. Johns

Time—Evening Time 7.30

Place—Canteen

This evenings discussion—Fire  
Engines.

N.C.O.: "Those motor fire-  
engines certainly have it over  
the horse drawn concerns, have they  
not?"

Trooper: "I beg to differ, those  
horses were pretty smart in those  
days. "The way they used to in-  
sult themselves into that  
harness is beyond my comprehen-  
sion."

Another Trooper: (coming up  
for air) Yes Sir, they had a hard  
pull considering the rubber heels  
that they had on those vehicles."  
(There is a silence for five minu-  
tes after this remark, evidently  
they are drinking it in.)

## THINGS THAT WE WOULD LIKE TO KNOW AT CA- VALRY BARRACKS ST. JOHNS, QUE.

What the hockey situation will  
be this year?

Who is this silent man 'Egbert'  
mentioned in 'B' Squ. dispatch-  
es?

What happened to the rabbit  
that our dog 'Punch, Etc, Etc.,  
got the other day?

When a certain N.C.O. is go-  
ing to learn to play snooker.

The names of the fellows who  
spend a lot of time in the canteen  
and if time is not about the only  
thing they spend.

Who are the 'Saints' referred  
to at Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns?

When our librarian is going  
to favour us with his Autobiogra-  
phy? and also his theories on re-  
incarnation.

Who is the "Blond Marshall"  
referred to in a local newspaper?

What Cpl. Russell said to the  
Librarian, and what the Librarian  
did?

Who is the trooper who keeps his  
grooming kit in a kit bag locked  
up with a padlock?

Who was the Trumpeter who  
went to blow a call and forgot  
what call it was that he had to  
blow.

Who is the N.C.O who carefully  
put his keys in his overalls, puts  
overalls in trunk and then locks  
trunk? (Nice work.)

Where was "Dippy" in dis-  
mounted action drill the other  
day?

Who is the Trooper who thinks  
that window frames are sockets?

First Frenchman: "I burney my  
lips kissing my girl, last night."

Second Freshman: "Gosh, she's  
certainly red-hot!"

First: "No., but her cigarette  
was."

Teacher: "Johnny, how do you  
call the persons living in Chicago?  
Johnny: "Lucky."

## Foreign Legion in Action.

### Advancing By Night Rushes

#### World's Fiercest Fighters

By special correspondent who is  
at the front with the French  
forces which are engaged in  
the pacification of barbarous  
Moroccan tribes.

Headquarters of Colonel Rei-  
chert, of the Foreign Legion, Mt.  
Baddou.—The splendid savage at  
bay—that is what I have been  
watching since dawn this morning.

I am writing this message in a  
French Post from which an at-  
tack is being made on the lower  
slopes of Mount Baddou, the steep  
bare, triple-peaked mountain, 10-  
000 ft. high, where a desperate  
remnant of some thousand Berber  
warriors with their families and  
flocks are completely surrounded  
by 23,000 French troops equipped  
with every modern instrument of  
war that can possibly be used in so  
uncivilised and precipitous a coun-  
try and supported by thousands of  
native levies.

Artillery up to 4.5 in. howitzers,  
aeroplanes, machine guns, trench-  
mortars, wireless field telephones,  
motor transport, with tanks and  
armoured cars in reserve in the val-  
leys below, are all co-operating at  
great cost to bombard and bat-  
ter Morocco's last handful of  
mountaineers into submission.

Short of food and munitions, al-  
most cut off from water by the  
incessant fire of their adversaries  
this final fraction of the defenders  
of the lost cause of Berber inde-  
pendence still opens bursts of rifle  
fire on any French troops that  
show themselves.

### Ringed by Bursting Shells

From the higher ridges that they  
hold and the caves where their  
wives, children and cattle are  
sheltered they can look down on  
the surrounding slopes and valleys  
and see in every direction evidence  
of the superior forces of their foes.

The rough tracks far below are  
marked by the dust of motor lor-  
ries bringing up munitions for the  
batteries whose shells keep Mount  
Baddou in a constant pall of black  
smoke of high explosives and the  
compact whitepuffs of shrapnel.

French officers are the first to

bear testimony to the courage of  
the tribesmen on whom they are  
using all the resources of military  
science to subdue.

To visualise this situation, one  
should imagine that England,  
which is much smaller than Mo-  
rocco had been occupied by a na-  
tion of far superior culture and  
technical resources, and the last  
and most determined Englishmen  
were defending themselves and  
their families on the summit of  
Scaw Fell.

It is an heroic spectacle. It will  
probably be the last conquest by  
any European nation of an inde-  
pendent people with a lower grade  
of civilization.

In a way, it is also an historic  
revenge, for these Berbers are de-  
scendants of the Moors who in-  
vaded France as far as the River  
Loire at the end of the 8th cen-  
tury and were defeated there by  
Charles Martel at the Battle of  
Poitiers.

### AN ADVERSE WITNESS

"Well, we'l, Mr. Dixon, what  
are you doing here in the hospital?  
Are you sick?"

"No, I'm just keeping the bed  
warm for a friend of mine."

"I mean what brought you to  
the hospital?"

"The ambulance."

"Yes, but was it an accident?"

"No, we 'phoned for it."

"What happened to you?"

"I was in a motor smash-up in  
my car."

"Who was driving?"

"My wife."

"Then how was it that she  
wasn't hurt?"

"She was in the back seat."

"Wasn't she injured at all?"

"No, it didn't even scratch any  
of the paint off her face."

"How did the accident hap-  
pen?"

"I went to turn a corner."

"Yes?"

"And the corner wasn't there."

"Did it knock you uncon-  
scious?"

"Sure, but I didn't care."

"Why not?"

"It was the first good sleep I  
had had for three years."

"Did you break any of your  
bones?"

"No, I never carry my dice with  
me."

"I mean, in what way were you



# With the Compliments of James H. Cosgrave, Toronto, Ont.

hurt?"

"I cut my knee caps very badly."

"That's too bad. Do you think the scars will show?"

"No I generally wear trousers."

"Certainly. But don't you ever go swimming?"

"Sure."

"Well, what do you go swimming in?"

"The ocean."

"I mean what do you dress in?"

"The bath house."

"Now, wait a minute, let's go back to the accident."

"You go back to it. I can't get out of bed."

"Listen. You were in a smash-up, weren't you?"

"Yes."

"What was the first thing that you discovered when you awoke?"

"That I was awake."

"Weren't you frightened?"

"No. I've been awake before."

"Didn't it scare you to find yourself in bed?"

"Certainly not. I'm used to beds. I was born in one."

"How long do you expect to be here?"

"The Doctor says until my knees begin to knit."

"Heaven only knows! I can't even knit with my hands yet."

"When will that be?"

"What became of your automobile?"

"The S.P.C.A. took it."

"Don't be silly. What had they to do with it?"

"They took it because it had turned turtle."

"Did you send for a wrecking car?"

"No, we didn't need one. It was wrecked enough."

"Was it your car?"

"No, it was my wife's."

"Your wife's?"

"Yes. She made me give it to her for my birthday."

"Has she been to the hospital to see you?"

"Not yet. She doesn't know I'm here."

"Well, isn't she worried?"

"No. She thinks I'm in goal."

Some idea of the typical Scotch pulpit method may be obtained by perusing the following famous sermon, delivered (never) by the Rev. John Caird, D.D., of Glasgow.

"Brethren, the words of my text are 'Old Mother Hubbard' she went to th cupboard."

To get her poor dog a bone,

But when she got there the cupboard was bare,

And so the poor dog got none."

These beautiful words, dear friends carry with them a solemn lesson. I propose this evening to analyse their meaning and to attempt to apply it, lofty as it may be, to our every-day life.

"Mother Hubbard, you see, was old; there being no mention of others, we may presume she was alone; a widow—a friendless, old, solitary widow. Yet did she despair? Did she sit down and weep or read a novel, or wring her hands? No! She went to the cupboard. And here observe that she went to the cupboard. She did

not hop, or skip, or run or jump, or use any other peripatetic artifice, she solely and merely went to the cupboard.

"We have seen that she was old and lonely, and we now further see that she was poor. For mark, the words are 'the cupboard,' not 'one of the cupboards,' or right-hand cupboard,' or the left-hand cupboard' or the one below, or the one under the stairs but just the cupboard—the one little humble cupboard the poor widow possessed. And why did she go to the cupboard? Was it to bring forth golden goblets or glittering precious stones, or costly apparel or feast, or any other attributes of wealth? It was to get her poor dog a bone! Not only was the widow poor, but her dog, the sole prop of her age, was poor too. We can imagine the scene; the poor dog crouching in the corner, looking wistfully at the solitary cupboard, and the widow going to that cupboard—in hope, in expectation may be, to open it, although we are not distinctly told that it was not half open or ajar



—to open it for the dog.

But when she got there the cupboard was bare,

And so the poor dog got none." You see dear brethren what perseverance is. You see the beauty of persisting in doing right. She got there. There were no turnings and twistings, no sippings and slidings, no leaning to the right or faltering to the left. With glorious simplicity, we are told she got there.

"And how was her noble effort rewarded?"

"The cupboard was bare!" It was bare. There were to be found neither oranges nor cheesecakes, nor penny buns, nor gingerbread, nor crackers, nor nuts, nor lucifer matches. The cupboard was bare! There was but one, only one solitary cupboard and the whole of that cottage, and that one, the sole hope of the widow and the glorious lode-star of the poor dog, was bare! Had there been a leg of mutton, a loin of lamb, a fillet of veal, even a box of Lowneys chocolates or a cake of Sapolia, the case would have been different, the incident would have been otherwise, but it was bare, my brethren, bare as a bald head, bare as an infant born without a caul!

Many of you will probably say with all the pride of worthy sophistry, "the widow, no doubt, went out and bought a dog biscuit." Ah, no! Far removed from these earthly ideas, these mundane desires, poor Mother Hubbard, the widow, whom many thoughtless worldlings would despise, in that she only owned one cupboard, perceived—or I might even say, saw—at once the relentless logic of the situation, and yielded to it with all the heroism of that nature which had enabled her without deviation to reach the barren cupboard. She did not attempt, like the stiff-necked sufferers of this generation to war against the inevitable; she did not try, like the so-called men of science to explain what she did not understand. She did nothing. The poor dog had none! And then at this point our information ceases. But do we not know sufficient? Are we not cognizant of enough?

"Would we dare to pierce the veil that shrouds the ulterior fate of Old Mother Hubbard, the poor dog, the cupboard, or the bone that was not there. Must we imagine her still standing at the open cup-

## A Day of Thrills.

**It Came to a Choice Between Being Shot at Close Range in an Observation Balloon, or Jumping with a Damaged Parachute. Then Worse Things Happened.**

It was a bad day for kite-balloon work; first because the air was not clear and the visibility was bad and second, because there was an uncomfortable wind blowing, and the balloon was jerking and swaying and lurching at the end of its long tether, making it hard for the observers to keep a steady eye on such targets as they could pick up, and still harder to plot out angles and ranges on the map spread on the table sticking out from the side of the basket.

But hard fighting was going on, and the line was getting badly hammered, so that every balloon which could get up was in the air, and every observer was hunting for hostile battery positions, dis-

board door, or depict to ourselves the dog still dropping his disappointed tail upon the floor—the sought-for bone still remaining somewhere else? Ah me, my dear brethren, we are not so permitted to attempt to read the future. suffice for us to apply them, to study them as far as in us lies, and bearing in mind the natural frailty of our nature, to avoid being widows; to shun the patronymic of Hubbard; to have, if our means afford it, more than one cupboard in the house and to keep stores in them all. And oh! dear friends, keeping in recollection what we learn this day, let us avoid keeping dogs that are fond of bones. But brethren if we do—if fate has ordained that we should do any of these things—let us then go, as Mother Hubbard did, straight without curvetting or prancing to our cupboard empty though it be—let us, like her, ever be left with a hungry calm steadfastness; and should we like her, ever be left with a hungry dog and an empty cupboard, may future chroniclers be able to write also of us, in the beautiful words of our text—"And so the poor dog got none."

ecting the fire of our guns onto them, and doing all they could to lessen the shell-fire that was pouring down on our infantry in their scanty trenches. At times a swirl of mist or cloud came down and shut off the view altogether from the balloons; but they hung on, staying aloft for a clear view and the chance to observe a few more rounds the moment they got it.

In one balloon the two observers had been sitting aloft for hours, after an early rising and a hurried breakfast. They had only been having floating targets at intervals as the air cleared but any danger of becoming bored was removed by the activities of a certain anti-balloon gun which did its best to shoot them down whenever it could get a sight on them, and by the excitement of watching out for an air attack whenever the low clouds came down and offered good cover to any Hun airman who cared to sneak over them and chance an attack.

The "anti" gun was plainly out to down them, and kept pitching shell after shell with most disconcerting accuracy all around them. The winch below hauled them down and let them soar up to all sorts of varying elevations in strenuous endeavours to cheat the gunners, while the two observers did their best to pick up targets and lay their guns into them, and the anti-shells continued to fire.

### Our Turn to Jump

Several times the explosions were so close that it appeared certain the envelop must be holed, and the observers stopped work and waited with bated breath to discover whether they were sinking and if they would have to jump for it and trust to their parachutes. But the balloon held up and the two continued their shoot. It was unpleasant, highly unpleasant, but the hard-pressed infantry wanted all the assistance the guns could give them and the guns wanted all the help air observation could give; so the observers held on and chanced the shells and kept their guns going on such targets as they could pick out of the dull light and grey mist.

It must be admitted that, as

the time dragged past, the strain began to tell on the tempers of both men. The only respite they had from the continued torment of the anti-balloon gun was when the mist closed down on them; and then the strain in no way lessened, but altered only to that of watching out for an attacking enemy.

And that looked-for attack came at last. There came a sudden and urgent call on the telephone from below and both men strained their eyes out through the lighting haze to the next balloon in the line, and, with an instinctive fumbling at the attachment, of their parachute harness, made ready to jump. But what they saw held them spellbound for a moment. The next balloon in the line was being attacked. It was over a quarter of a mile away; but the silhouette of a plane could clearly be seen swooping down on the defenceless balloon, flashes of fire spitting and streaking from his guns as he came. The two balloon men leaped over the edge of the basket. One plunged down the regulation distance, his parachute fluttered upon with a shimmer of gleaming silk that looked exactly like smoke began to drop down in wide, pendulum swings. But with the second man's parachute something plainly had gone wrong. Dixie and the Boy clutching the sides of their basket and staring horror-stricken, gasped as they saw the little figure go plunging down plummet-wise hundreds after hundreds of feet...hundreds...thousands...and still the parachute followed in a solid unopened black dot. The balloon was nearly 3,000 feet up when the man jumped, and he and the parachute went down, 3,000 feet as a stone would drop down a well. Dixie and the Boy watched, fascinated, tried to turn their heads or shut their eyes, and couldn't.

When it was over Dixie spoke hurriedly. "Come on, kid! Over Or it's our turn next!"

But to watch a parachute fail to open, and next instant to trust your life to the proper working of your own, is rather a severe test, and it is little wonder that both Dixie and the Boy waited another second watching and waiting before leaping over. They saw a lick of flame flicker along the top of the attacked balloon, die down flash out again—and then caught



sight of the Hun scout wheeling, heading for their balloon. The winch below was hauling down with frantic haste; but there is little hope of pulling down a K.B. 3,000 feet in anything like the time it takes a fast scout to cover 500 yards, and the Boy, taking a gulping breath was on the point of jumping when Dixie clutched at him and cried—croaked is a truer word—hoarsely at him. The new act of the drama was begun and ended almost quicker than the first. Out of the grey mist another plunging shape emerged, hurtling straight across the path of the enemy scout, its guns screaming fire, clattering a long tat-tat-tat. The enemy machine swerved violently round, thrust his nose down and tried to dive away. But the other machine was after him and on him like a hawk after a pigeon, clinging to his tail and pelting fire at him. A gust of sooty black smoke puffed from the leading machine, a spurt of flashing fire followed, and it went down diving headlong with flame and clouds of smoke trailing after.

"Boy," said Dixie unsteadily. "I've mighty near had ballonin' enough for one morning's amusement!"

#### Parachute Shot Up

The telephone was calling, and the Boy turned to answer it. But before he spoke there rose to them again the shrieking rush of an approaching shell—a rush that rose to a shriek, a bellow, and ended in an appalling crash that sent the balloon reeling and jerking at its tether. Again both men fingered the parachute harness buckled about them and stared up intent and uneasy at the swaying envelope above them. Before they could decide whether it was hit or not, another wailing yowl heralded another shell, another rending crash, another leaping cloud of black smoke just below them; the shriek and whistle of flying fragments up past them, told of another deadly close burst. Choking black smoke swirled up on them, and the Boy began to shout hurriedly into his telephone.

"Tell 'em the basket's shot full of holes," said Dixie, "and my parachute's got a rip in it big enough to put your fist in. And tell—"

He broke off suddenly. The pitching, tossin' jerking of the tethered balloon had changed to a significant smoothness and dead calm. The Boy dropped his telephone receiver. "Dixie," he gasped, "we're adrift!"

Dixie took one swift look over the edge of the basket. "You've said it," he drawled, "an' that ends the shoot, anyway."

"Should we jump for it?" the Boy asked hurriedly.

"If you feel like it, go ahead," said Dixie, "but not for mine, thanks 'ee. My parachute's shot up to glory, an' anyway we're driftin' back over our own lines. I'd as soon stay with her till she bumps."

"I think she's dropping," said the Boy. "The shell that cut the cable, maybe, holed the gas bag, and she'll come down with a run."

"We're comin' down all right," said Dixie philosophically, "but not fast enough to hurt. You jump if you like. I'm goin' to hang on and pull the rippin'-cord when she's near the floor."

But the remembrance of that other observer, falling like a bullet beneath an unopened parachute, was too close to encourage the Boy to leap, and the two waited, hanging over the edge of the basket, watching the ground drift past them, trying to gauge how fast the balloon was coming down. It fell slowly, very slowly at first, losing height so gradually that it was hard even to say it was losing. It began to look as though the two were in for an easy and comfortable descent without leaving the balloon. Then plainly the rate of descent began to quicken. The ground began to swirl up to them at an alarming speed; the balloon which had up to now been drifting so smoothly that its movements could hardly be felt, started to lurch down in sickening swerves and drops and swings.

"Boy," said Dixie seriously, "I dunno you hadn't better chance it an' jump. Looke like this old sausage was punctured pretty bad, an' quick an' go down wallop. S'pose you jump, an' I hang on to her. My parachute——"

"Take mine," said the Boy quickly. "I'd as soon stay with her."

"Nothin' doin'," Dixie answered. "Parachute jumps is no popular pastime of mine at the moment,

an' I don't mind ownin' it."

So both waited. Dixie with his hand on the ripping-cord, both with their heads over the side, their eyes fixed on the passing ground. There was a strong wind blowing and, as they came closer to the ground, they began to discover the surprising speed at which they were travelling, to feel a good deal uneasy about the crash with which they must hit solid earth. The balloon was now falling at dangerous speed, and worse, was coming down in a series of wild swings and swayings.

"The wood," shouted Dixie pointing out and down. "Better crash her in it, eh?"

"Go on," answered the Boy briefly.

The next minute was rather a nightmare—a wild impression of a sickening plunge of tearing and crackling noises of breaking branches of a basket jerking tossing, leaping, falling, bouncing and finally coming to rest amongst the crashing tree tops, hanging there for a moment, tearing free, and falling and bringing up completely with a bump amongst the lower branches, while the envelope settled and sagged and flopped in another crescendo of crackling and rippings and tearings on top of the trees. The two clung for dear life to their basket; were jerked and wrenched almost from their grip a dozen times; hung, on expecting every minute to be their last; felt the basket at last settle and steady, and cease to do its best to hurl them overboard.

They climbed over, caught stray cords, and slid thankfully to firm ground. "Did it ever strike you, Boy," said Dixie, "what a pleasant thing a lump of plain solid dirt under you feet can be?"

That ended their adventure as far as the air was concerned. But it cost them an hour's tramp to find a main road and discover where they were, and another hour to tramp along it to a fair sized town where there might be an inn or hotel. Milestones on the roadside gave them their whereabouts and surprised them by the distance they had drifted back.

They set their faces east and began a steady tramp. The road was rather crowded with a stream of French civilians, all moving west, and as they walked the crowd grew closer and more solid and showed plainer signs of haste

and anxiety. There were no troops on the road; it was wholly filled with civilians—women and children and very old men for the best part, all laden with bundles or pulling pushing or driving vehicles of every sort and description. There was a cow dragged behind an old woman and child, a huge bed-mattress bundled and roped on its back; a Preambulator piled high with clothing and blankets, and with a baby nestled down in the middle of the pile; an old man leading a young child and carrying a birdcage with two full-sized chickens crammed into it; a decrepit cart and a still more decrepit pony, with a load of furniture that might have filled a pantechnicon; a family, apparently a mother and five children of descending ages and sizes, but each with a bundle hugged close, an old bent woman tottering a step at a time on two sticks. All trailed along wearily in a slow, drifting mass; and all except the very young children, were casting very uneasy glances over their shoulders, were evidently struggling to put as many paces as possible between them and their starting point.

#### A Horrible Scene

Dixie and the Boy knew well what it all meant—merely the evacuation of another village that had come within shell range of the Hun, or was near enough to the shifting battle-line to make it wise to escape before all in it were engulfed, made prisoners and set to slavery in the fields on starvation rations for Hun task-masters, or, worse, deported, torn apart, child from mother, weak from strong helpless from helpers and deported to far off factories or the terrors of an unknown fate.

Dixie and the Boy tramped slowly and drew at last near the town from which the stream was pouring. It was all very pitiful very cruel. But, worse was to come. The road was one of those long main national route highways common in France, running as straight as a ruler for miles on end, up hill and down dale. The roofs of the village were half a mile away, and suddenly, over these roofs an aeroplane came skimming. It flew low and it flew in a bee-line along above the wide straight road; and as it



flew there sounded louder and plainer the unmistakable ac-ac-ac-ac of a machine gun; there was plainly to be seen a stream of spitting fire flashing from the flying shape. It swept nearer, and the clatter of its guns sounded now through a rising wall, a chorus of shrieks and calls and sharp screams, and the cries of the frightened or hurt children. The gun shut off abruptly as the machine swooped up; burst on again in a long savage tattoo as it curved over and came roaring down in a steep dive.

In the road there was a pandemonium of screams and cries, a hither and thither, flinging down into the ditches, scrambling over them and fleeing in terror out over the open fields. As the machine dived the two observers could see the streaking lines of the tracer bullets, hear the sharp cracks and smacks of explosives hitting the ground—and other things. They could only stand and curse in impotent rage, and the Hun machine with a rush and a roar, spat a last handful of bul-

lets over and past them and was gone on down the road. The two stood and watched its graceful soaring and plunging, listened to the steady rattle of its guns, swore savagely again, then turned to help some of the shrieking women and crying children about them. But next moment another distant tat-tat-tat made them look up to see another black-crossed machine, and then a third, leaped into sight over the village and came tearing down above the road. Dixie and the Boy both filled the few intervening seconds trying to hustle the terror-stricken villagers off the road down into the cover of the ditches, behind carts—anywhere that might be out of reach of the bullets.

But the new-covers had gone one better than bullets for fiendish destruction. As the first one approached, a black blob fell away from it and the next second there was a rending crash, a leaping cloud of smoke and dust whirling up and eddying up from the road. The machine roared over and past, with her machine-

gun hailing bullets down on the road and far down the road came another billowing cloud of smoke and the crash of another bomb.

The third machine followed close, also machine gunning hard, and also splashing bombs down at intervals, one falling with horrible effect fairly in a little crowd of women and children, clustered under and behind a country cart. The cart was wrecked and the horse and half the women and children were killed.

The two observers gave what help they could, their faces white and their hands shaking and their ears tingling as they worked. The whole scene after the passing of the destroyers was heart-rending and pitiful and far too horrible for description. And the cruel part of it was all such useless destruction, such wanton savagery, such a brutal and wilful slaughter of the innocents. The low fliers were too close down for there to be any possibility of their not knowing well what they were shooting and bombing. There was not

a sign of a uniform on the road, it was packed with what clearly and unmistakably was a crowd of refugees of help'ess women and children. It was hard to imagine what the Huns hoped to gain what object they could have had in such indiscriminate murder, but, object or no object, its happening is a matter of cold history.

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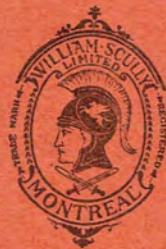


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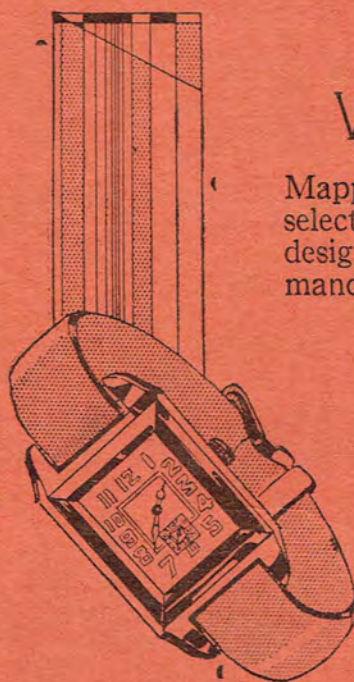
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